

# FURTHER

## RUSSELL EPPRECHT

### IMAGE TEXT



NOV. 9 - DEC. 3  
WED.-SAT. 1-6

OPENING NOV. 9. 7-9

STOREFRONT  
for ART and  
ARCHITECTURE

51 PRINCE  
N.Y.C.

431-5795

# **STOREFRONT**

**Art and Architecture**

97 Kenmare Street New York, NY 10012 212-431-5795

## PRESS RELEASE

### Mexican Visions Russell Epprecht

April 2-26, 1987  
Gallery Hours

Opening April 2, 7-10 PM  
Wed.-Sun. 12-6 PM

Russell Epprecht is a painter and writer whose previous show at the STOREFRONT in 1983 was entitled "Image/Text" consisting of ink drawings and the paste-board text from one of his autobiographical books "Further." All of his work is characterized by an emotional intensity and rawness that can often overcome the observer. The current show is recent paintings that were done after he wrote his still unpublished cut-up collage of the 1948 and 1984 New York Times entitled "History a Nightmare." These paintings were mostly inspired during a sojourn in Huautla in the Sierra Mazateca mountains of Mexico and were done after his return to New York.

Epprecht refers to Mexico as the spiritual source of his visions. But other than a few appropriations from Orozco and Rivera, the images are certainly not Mexican. Rather these mostly stark figures on pitch black backgrounds remind one in their emotional intensity of Bacon. The mostly naked figures seem almost abstract. The artist sees his work as a kind of minimal figurative expressionism. The canvases are large and unstretched of either oil or acrylic. They were done rapidly with large brushes with oil pastels providing some detail. They form what the artist calls his incomplete post-modern Tarot deck with titles like the Abyss, the Sun, the Shamon, Fire God, Rape, Revolution, Day of the Dead, Judgement and Resurrection.

For further information contact Kyong Park, Director of the STOREFRONT.

RUSSELL EPPRECHT

**HISTORY A NIGHTMARE  
1948/84  
(the parabolas of paranoia)**

Think back if you are weary of 1984 and all that, think back for three years, I have refrained from directly criticizing the President of the United States, at the beginning of the fourth year of any administration, strange things happen here, in the matter of the secret taping of telephone calls by the United States Information Agency director these trends would be by themselves enough cause to worry, day by day, sinking into a Mideast quagmire, the most dangerous relationship with Moscow in a decade and used against you if the Reagan pattern continues, America may face a nuclear war, a squandered chance to reverse the arm's race, Big Brother's war in a fitting inaugural for Orwell's year, last week's Pentagon report on Marine deaths faulted the military and policy, in Moscow, more questions than answers for anyone trying to penetrate the obscurities of the Kremlin (if you don't have a will, one of your new year's resolutions today should be to write one) gazing into the crystal ball for 1984 new complications roots of terrorism allow for moral distinctions

one year ago General George C. Marshall arrived at the White House. The world was being confronted by a growing crisis that was marked by the disintegration of the wartime alliance. Soviet Russia was deliberately embarking on a campaign to throw the world into chaos in the interest of communist revolution. It was under these circumstances that the strategist of victory undertook to become the architect of peace. The atomic pin ball machine represents the cut-away section of an atomic pile. At regular intervals a slow neutron, colored black, strikes a red uranium atom and liberates a red and a black neutron. The red neutron is absorbed by graphite rods in the pile model and gives off energy in the form of heat demonstrating with colored lights and ringing bells the erratic travel of neutrons in an atomic pile. I am writing this letter to you at a moment when months of nerve-wracking waiting are ending in the hardest decision of my life. I believe — after seeing the latest Russian situation map and after appraisal of numerous other reports — that I cannot take the responsibility of waiting any longer. It does lie in our power to eliminate Russia. I can prom' you Duce, that what lies in our German power, will be done. In conclusion, let me say one more thing Duce. Since I struggled through to this decision, I again feel spiritually free. The partnership with the Soviet Union, in spite of the complete sincerity of the efforts to bring about a final conciliation, was nevertheless often very irksome to me, for in some way or other it seemed to me to be a break with my whole origin, my concepts, and my former obligations. I am happy now to be relieved of these mental agonies. With hearty and comradely greetings, your Adolf.

I had a strange sort of revisit think back to deny this fundamental identity of interest I will owe the Federal government about \$15,000 in taxes for 1983, as in previous years, relief can be given coldly calculated American warships granting infrequent mandamus or emergency review THE NEGOTIATIONS ON INTERMEDIATE-RANGE NUCLEAR FORCES HAVE COLLAPSED COMPLETELY THE WHITE HOUSE PRESS SECRETARY IS ISSUING THE USUAL THE PRESIDENT-HAS-FULL CONFIDENCE STATEMENTS these trends by themselves would be cause enough for worry the death of the earth to put it plainly this is a most short sighted policy it will not be easy to undo these three years of nuclear irresponsibility despite his campaign to the nation despite the mounting threat of nuclear terrorism yet this opportunity has been squandered. Then there's the question of the Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors. Moreover Lebanon is the most immediate trouble spot as if this were not sufficient THOUSANDS OF NUCLEAR-ARMED CRUISE MISSLES WILL SOON BE STATIONED ON AMERICAN SUBMARINES to be followed there's not much more you can do to deny it by THOUSAND MORE ON SOVIET SHIPS. A White House plea: "I think history is on our side but I don't think the criminal solution should be ruled out." AS FOR THE NARROWER QUESTION WHAT EXACTLY IS THE OPERATIONAL MISSION, WELL THE REASON THEY MUST STAY THERE UNTIL THE SITUATION IS UNDER CONTROL IS QUITE CLEAR THEIR MISSION IS TO PROVIDE AN INTERPOSITIONAL FORCE AT AGREED LOCATIONS AND I DO BELIEVE THAT, YES, WHILE THERE'S HOPE FOR PEACE WE HAVE TO REMAIN

(immediate opening: philosophy position at bard college)

Pope sees world at crossroads in 1948 and predicted that it would mark a turning point in the history of the world and warned that peace is indivisible. It will doubtless be a year of very grave decisions — perhaps irrevocable — a year in which the world will find itself at the crossroads. After this quotation which Vatican circles said was deliberately taken from a speech that Maxim Litvinov former Soviet Foreign Minister made in 1935 at the time when Moscow was strongly supporting the already moribund League of Nations. Russian girl saturated with Bolshevik ideals goes to fearful capitalistic monopolistic Paris. She meets romance and has an uproarious good time. Capitalism not too bad after all. In 1939, the assignment to make the great Great Garbo laugh was indeed an assignment. It is impossible to think of the WASTELAND except as a poem written immediately after the War of 1918. Its background is the despair of Austria and Germany without political hope the chaos of Russia in the early days of the Revolution the prophetic nihilism of German expressionism. A machinery for creating an imaginative picture of a civilization in decay. Although almost inevitably the poets of each generation will find themselves separated by the overwhelming circumstances of their own particular phase of the struggle from all that has gone before and has gone after them. They will not belong to they will be victims of their generations. The war, a slump, a boom, the atomic bomb. For instance, fascism, the unemployment caused by the slump of 1930, the threat of another war, the struggle of the Spanish republic, and Hitlerism. Poetry may prophesy revolution but it cannot make them. Into the faded air, the torpid driven wind that sweeps the gloomy hills of London. And newspapers from vacant lots.

REPORTS FROM CRIMINALS AT LARGE. For others like me there is only the flash. To meet one's madness when what mother said seems such rubbish. The Old Testaments found its prophets who gave it voice. Who bashed the baboons of ancient Africa and how? Blood of a poet. Soon he was moving in the brittle glittering Paris society that included Marcel Proust and Andre Gide. Everybody was or had just been an infant prodigy and was about to become an enfant terrible. The Fauvists gave way to the Cubists who turned over to the Dadaists who in turn yielded to the Surrealists. He dallied with all of these movements but belonged to none of them. He passed the second World War uncomfortably in Paris under the German occupation. He has had his fill of cafe sitting. At the age of 35 a decision is made. A wife and several children were suddenly left without resources. There is a final complete break with the past and the escapes to Martinique, Tahiti and that so magnificently uncivilized haven in the Marquesas where he died—imprisoned on what proved to a false charge of slander. CORE OF OUR MODERN MALAISE. The years of the pilgrimage. His wife had recently died (with her lover) in an automobile accident. His native returned to the land of his fathers. His first experience during his high school days, his adventures in Hollywood. The case history of a standard homosexual this novel adds little that is new. Little else has changed either there in the Russian arctic. Victims of a tyranny still absolute though its name and apologetics have changed since the days of the Czars. I do not condemn the Soviet system on this score: I merely assert that it is not socialistic. He was a man of immense contradictions.

